

THE  
DARK  
ROMANCE  
*& other poems*

MAXWELL  
DARRAY

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# THE DARK ROMANCE

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## LYRICS & SONGS OF A SHADOW

**Maxwell Darray**

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But really, who would do that? I mean I'm giving this to you, the reader, completely from my own hands. I am the publisher, editor, writer. Truth be known, I actually I just wrote that in to make it look more professional; give it to as many people as possible.

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## THE DARK ROMANCE

### I. THE EVENING EPISODE

I have lost my heart, in the endless dark.

I will be fine, I will be okay, because I prefer it this way.

The dark is mine.

Two sides toss and turn, from the ache.

Remind me how when we were kids,

and never caught a break.

I've never tortured,

staring up at walls of brick,

how I am is who I am,

and I won't stop or quit.

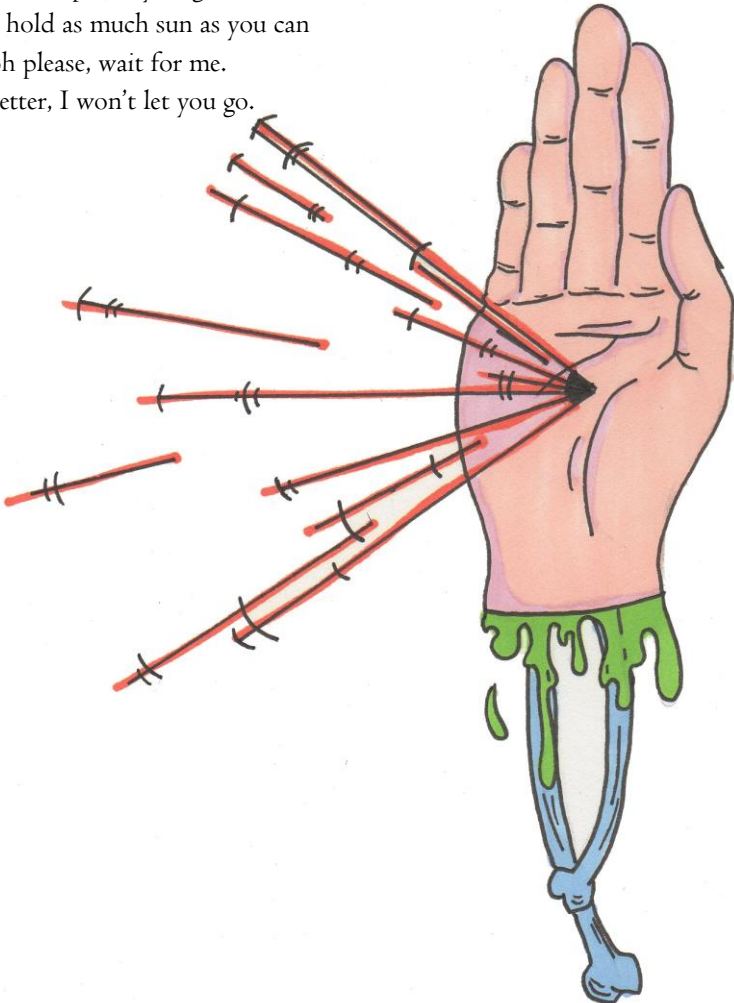
The winding path is the one I took, with no regret,

I won't look back. Keep your light, the dark is mine.

the dark is mine

## II. HOW LIGHT RUNS

If I can't understand myself,  
how can I bond with any other person?  
Let me learn how to survive, how to fight this.  
I don't want to go on with this void in my head.  
The circles and cycles of collapse.  
I'll fix myself. I have resolve.  
I watch how light runs down your face,  
don't let it escape. Stay bright.  
    hold as much sun as you can  
Please, oh please, wait for me.  
I'll get better, I won't let you go.



### III. BLACK VOID

If you ever wanted to hear the sound of loss:

    Listen to a clock.

Most people wear a watch to know of the time

I wear one to remind me that it won't stop.

When the ink and paper meet as one

I soon become, redone.

Time comes back, with hands that strangle  
and a face to fear.

Man's misfortune, cupped in my hand

The mausoleum of all hope and desire

Please forget to waste your breath trying to conquer it.

The cogs and gears, are sounds of fury.

When I die, it means clocks have given up on me.

#### IV. ELATION OF STORMS

The natural world is dull, decaying, and mysterious;

its revelations are evil and hellish.

You are failing in your attempt to make changes.

Chaos devours the intent, lost in the feast,

showing that we were always the beast.

Control the urge, resist the cruelty,

make this life a trophy of novelty.

The fangs won't rust

it cannot shade,

giving the impression of a sullen fate.

The man, the animal, it all is one.

To make us human,

we have to correct the wrongs that have been done.



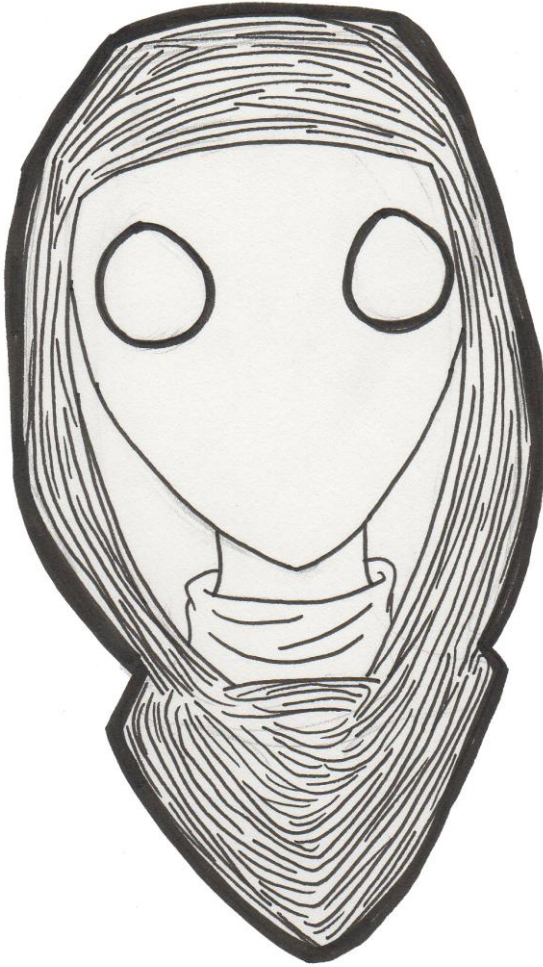


ALWAYS  
BEEN  
A  
BAD  
APPLE

## V. THE NIGHT I CALL MY HOME

Life ends; death is forever.  
Life comes with death.

Death does not come with life.



## VI. EYES CLOSED & ALONE

I do not belong on this planet; I have settled myself into a niche of condemned content. I cannot escape the horrors of everyday: feeling poor in society driven by money, a culture that is obsessed with its affluence of stardom, a social downview of people akin to visual and audible aesthetics; a world that is futile. If I could make a grand clarification of what and where I'm bound for, I'll stay. But, I'm able to take any uncertain path, in which, is the problem. There is nothing left for me: All I do with my life is try to figure it out. Why figure it out? Don't we all end in death? Why prolong the aching? Why suffer through the turmoil of struggle when we will be forgotten? Why prove how strong we are when there is nothing to prove? Birth. Decay. Death. That's the cycle of life...but, I'm too stubborn. So now I rot passionately by my own design. In the end, choosing to live means a stagnant suicide.

## VII. SHADOW OF MINE

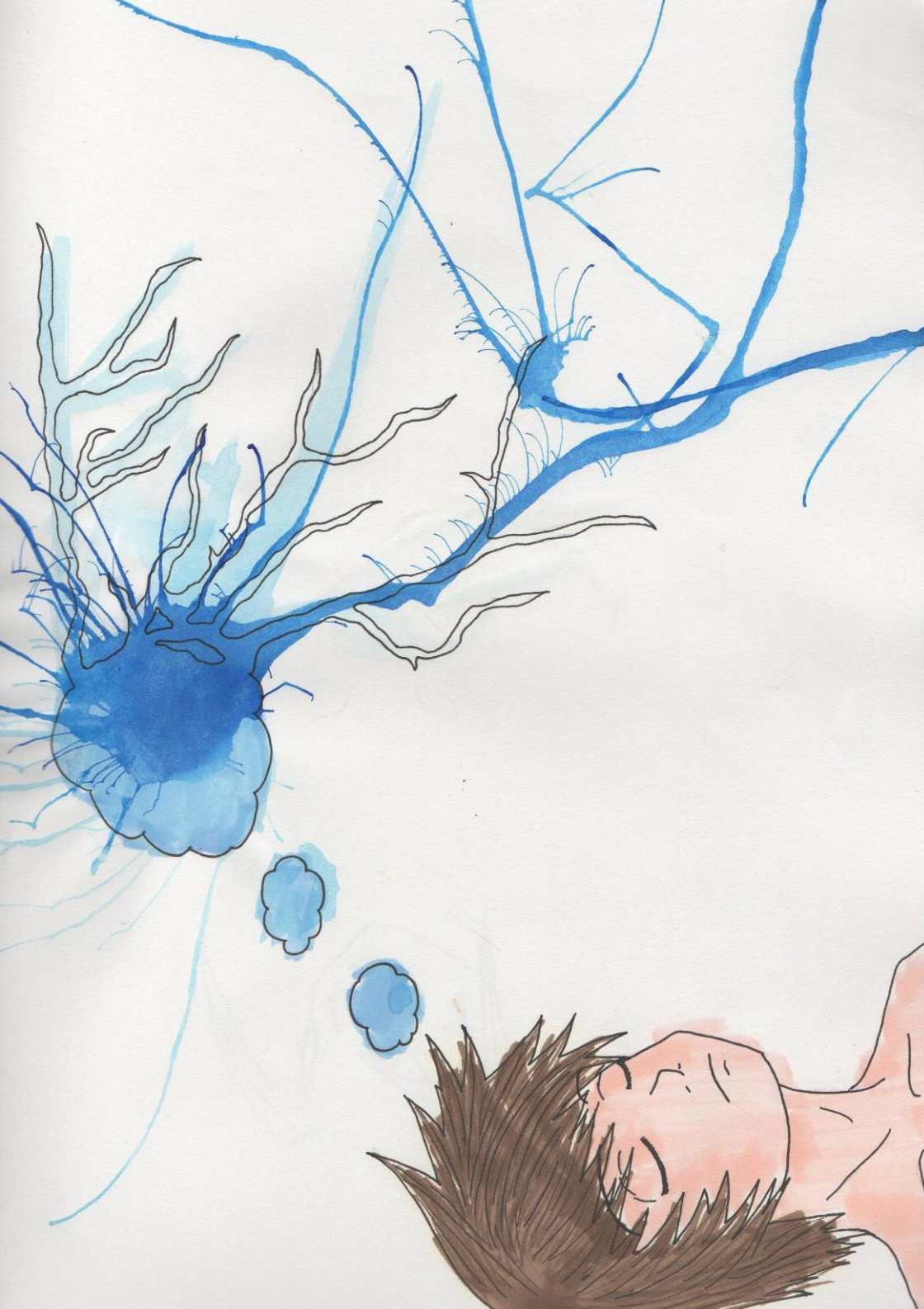
I'm not haunted by demons;  
I'm haunted by how they were created.  
The echo that barks, the loop that sinks,  
I promise myself not to speak.

It'll go away, it will fade.  
The screen of my eyes won't stop the scene.

It will replay, but soon fade.  
A bad memory is only a coded lesson.

Take it in.

the shadow of mine is still mine, the light and the dark.  
Don't let it cease, don't let it drift away.



## VIII. THIS SIDE OF THE SILHOUETTE

I'll always be here for you.

Tragedy cups you coldly  
A found memory of how time changes everything  
What's good is now bad  
    what's bad is now lost  
Avoid the glare from the pestering Gods  
a sign to know when to run before you can walk.  
Quicken the pace  
ruiner of natural themes  
to let yourself be able to breathe.

You can get upset. You can get what you want  
Take charge of the stampede, known as life  
and it soon fulfills what you need.

Be angry. Be mad.  
Be the violence that the world has and give it right back.

You're not dead, don't embrace it.  
Find refuge in this side of the silhouette.

## IX. THE DARK ROMANCE

I have lost my heart, in the endless dark.  
I'm left with nothing, but my sanity.  
With the strange way I have taken,  
a part of me will stay clear of crowd.  
I do this for myself, I do this to myself.  
Don't worry about me, I'm home.  
There is no escaping the dark, the romance.  
The warped ideas that plague my mind have caused a fault in my deserted  
ways of how it can be right.

But it won't be, it never will.

I can't change the world,  
                  but I can shape mine.  
I can't change the world,  
                  but I have to try.  
Pour it out, every breath,  
till the end, tears and sweat.  
This love and despair won't disappear,

I know where I stand, I know where I am.  
My affection cannot be altered,  
it will continue on loving the end.

I have lost my heart, in the endless dark.  
I'm left with nothing, but my sanity.

## A FAMILIAR STRANGER

Dormant, my desire and my sleep soon invades  
What beckons forth, a call that shall alarm,

Awake?

Slumber has never seemed too sweet  
as when I close my eyes and yours open.

Distant, but apparent  
A feeling of numbness harkens,  
constricting my nerves,  
I wish I could, I wish I shall  
Hold you till the worlds fall down.

So tender is the bashing of my skull,  
your memory bruising and curing me  
till the back of bones are full.  
Sideswiped, tackled down, the world breaks by but only  
a whisper of your sound.  
Let me regain my rhythm  
a process vanquished when you  
shake your eyes my direction.

I notice. You notice.

Cast aside all familiar strangers:  
your face appears again and again and again,  
a spirit of decided judgment  
pure, sincere, honest,  
I have to reknow the ghost.  
You entered my thoughts;  
and now, it's where you will always stay.

You're new, but your presence is not





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